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but one of the symphony, we should feel grateful. The triads of D and G (in arpeggio) in the second bar of page 3, it must also be remarked, cannot be commenced with impunity on two fifths in similar motion.

My God and my Father to Thee. Words by W. M. Tartt, Esq. Music by B. Hime.

A PLACID melody (harmonized with a practised hand) characterises this song, which has also the merit of being more religious in feeling than most of the "sacred" vocal works which come before us. The flowing quaver accompaniment, which is rarely interrupted, has a very excellent effect.

CRAMER AND Co. (Limited.)

1. *Hesper. Nocturne.*
2. *La Promesse Donnée. Pensée Fugitive.*
3. *Der Freischütz. Fantasia.*

All composed by Carl Veley.

THE first two of these Pianoforte pieces, by a composer, whose name is strange to us, are commendable specimens of the light music of the day. "Hesper" is an elegant "Nocturne;" (we accept this descriptive title, although we doubt whether even the composer can say what it means) and "La Promesse Donnée," which has a graceful subject, first given forth with the right hand crossed over the left, will be found an effective little piece by players of moderate pretension. The Fantasia is scarcely a satisfactory example of a class of composition (if composition it may be called) which, in consequence of the materials being ready to hand, always seems so much easier to write than it is. The subjects are scarcely well knitted together, so as to form an effective piece; and, moreover, there is little beyond the airs themselves to interest the performer. We prefer Carl Veley in his original music, which is graceful and void of undue pretence.

B. WILLIAMS.

Carol of the Reapers. Words by J. Swain. Music by W. H. Gill.

A FOUR-PART Song, with a fresh and tuneful melody, which cannot fail to please. The name of Mr. Gill is new to us; but it is none the less welcome if he can write good music; and, judging from the unpretending specimen before us, we counsel him to proceed in the path he has chosen. The harmonies in this little "Carol" are judicious, and in character with the pastoral feeling of the poetry.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Memories. Song. Verse by J. C. Harman, Esq. Music by Gordon Saunders.

WE recollect reviewing a Song by this composer in a former number of our journal, in which we complained that the harmonies were painfully overlaid. No such defect is observable in this ballad, both melody and harmony being as simple as such music should be. We can recommend this song to vocalists in search of novelty.

Hanover Square. No. 10. August.

THIS periodical holds its way; and if it do not assist in elevating the public taste, at all events it does not tend to degrade it. The compositions in the present number are just such as would probably be selected by young lady pianists and vocalists from a parcel of music sent to them for approval. A "Nocturne-Etude," (whatever that may mean), called "Murmures," by Mr. Charles A. Palmer, commences with a melodious subject, which is afterwards treated in the approved arpeggio form, preceded by the stereotype words "Ben marcato il canto." "L'Étincelle," by René Favarger, is a graceful waltz movement, containing no difficulties to frighten the most timid pianist, and tuneful and pleasing enough to recommend itself in a drawing-room. The Song, by F. Stanislaus, to Shakes-

peare's words, "It was a lover and his lass," is full of character, and well expressive of the poetry; but we are hypercritical enough to object to the two fifths between the Subdominant and Dominant (the very worst in the key) in the second bar of the symphony. The Ballad, "Little Blossom," by Virginia Gabriel, is a very favourable specimen of that popular song-writer's unaffected style.

Original Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL TIMES.

SIR,—In reply to the query of S.H., in your May number (p. 380), I may state that two portraits of Henry Lawes were exhibited at Kensington in 1866. One was the property of the University of Oxford; the other of the Rev. Richard Okes, D.D. No painter's name was attached to either in the catalogue of the exhibition. A portrait of Lawes is given in the supplementary volume of "Hawkins' History of Music" (Ed. Novello), copied from the engraving by Faithorne, prefixed to Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three voices. London, fol., 1653.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE ARTHUR CRAWFORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL TIMES.

SIR,—As Master of a Country Church Choir, I have long strongly felt the want of adequate settings of the Canticles, at once suitable by their simplicity for congregational worship, taking by their variety and tunefulness, and recommending themselves to the cultivated musician by their freedom from the trivial and common-place, and have hitherto for this reason eschewed services in favour of the simple chant. After seeing many of the new services just put forth in response to the generally expressed wish for them, I confess that I find but one or two, (notably Macfarren in G, and Sparks in D,) which in any degree approach the ideal I had pictured to myself. It is quite refreshing to meet with in these services an attempt, however mild, to break out of the weary, old, monotonous groove of the Anglican "service." A test of the worthlessness of this class of music, as such, may be found in its utter absence from the Concert-room, (fancy the feelings of an audience condemned to listen to "King in C," or "Jackson in F,") yet we find the Masses and Motetts of Mozart and other masters, nay, even the Anthems of our own Church, not only aiding materially the repertoire of the Concert-room, but largely used as voluntaries. It is as inexplicable as sad, that whilst those grand masterpieces, the music of the Catholic Church, are extant as models, we should continue to hear in our Cathedral and Parish Churches alike, that same lifeless, complicated and dreary thing called a "service." It is as if we were content to allow our venerable Cathedrals to sink into mere show-places for the benefit of hungry *ciceroni*, whilst the congregations, for whose use they were designed, met for worship in theatres and assembly-rooms, or barns. Supposing we have no Mozarts among us now, have we no one who can catch—plagiarize if you will—some of Mozart's inspiration, and give us a *Te Deum* something in the style of Mozart's magnificent Motett, "*Splendente Te Deus*"—for instance—Can none of our living composers catch something of that spirited flow of grand harmonies, alternating with graceful melody, that flow and swing, so to speak, that makes that noble piece of Church music so taking alike to learned and unlearned? Were some of the accompaniments a little sobered down, it seems to me that that Motett would be the perfection of a *Te Deum*. Then, what a fund of beautiful thoughts a student would find in the Masses, particularly the *first*, and even our hackneyed old friend the *twelfth*; how immeasurably superior to the orthodox "service." Let admirers of the "bare-bones" Gregorian have free permission to be as "severe" as they like; but it is hard that admirers of a different style of music, and that the noblest and grandest, should be obliged to seek it in the concert-room.